

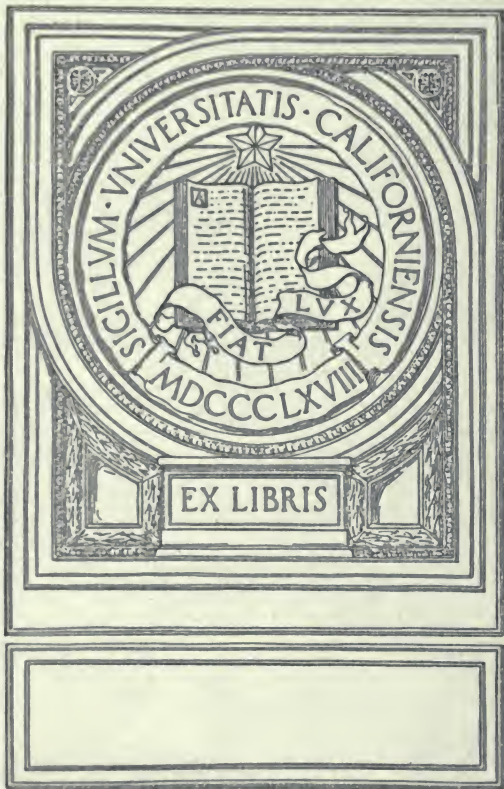
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F. K. CROSBY'S
POEMS.



C. RICH'D WHITTEMORE

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INTO LIGHT,

AND OTHER POEMS.

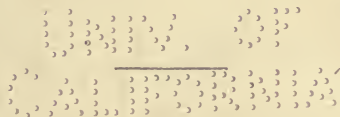
BY

FREDERICK K. CROSBY,

"

Born in Newton, Mass., October 9th, 1845, Died December 3d, 1874.

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INTO LIGHT, AND OTHER POEMS.



INTO LIGHT.

A SUMMER'S sunshine, a scene as fair
A rural landscape pictured there,

Vale and meadow and mountain 'gray,
Robed in the hues of the risen day.

A river swept o'er its shining sands,
The corn grew ripe in the meadow lands,

Over the mountain slope between,
A woodland lifted its wall of green ;

It hid in its heart an open glade,
A fleck of light on a ground of shade.

Afar the wandering breezes crept,
The sighing wind of the forest slept.

A brook hard by, in a hidden dell,
Over its pebbles plashed and fell,
Naught else the solemn stillness stirred
Save distant echo or chirp of bird.

The circling trees of the sylvan glade,
In Summer's richest robes arrayed,

Stood tall and grim in mystic guise,
Like priests awaiting the sacrifice.

For through a rift in the leafy screen
An oriel slit in the vaulted green.

The flickering sunlight streamed upon
A rough-hewn altar of mossy stone ;

Yet, though the spot was wild and rude,
And weird and sombre the solitude,

Meet home for rites of fetish-prayer,
No untaught savage worshipped there.

Unto the altar, day by day,
Two earnest youths would wend their way,

Of native insight broad and clear,
And bred in Learning's atmosphere,

But, lured by mental tone inwrought,
And warped and wrung by over-thought,
By shifting currents beat about,
And tossed from wave to wave of doubt,
While shore-lights beckoned but to flee,
Their sun went down on a trackless sea.

Yet ever reached they in affright,
Vague, trustless hands into the night,

Now fixed in cold and stern despair,
Now lost in broken, pleading prayer,

Before the altar, bending low,
The waves of intercession flow ;

Wild words, with wilder meaning fraught,
Strange spells by ancient magic taught.

And high upon the rising breeze,
Death-rimes and heathen litanies,

In blending chorus mingled there
With muffled wail and passion-prayer.

The sun sinks down o'er the mountain gray,
And the altar glows in its dying ray.

"Hail ! emblem of the Hidden Soul !

"Farewell ! in burning beauty roll

"Thy God-lit flame to the neither seas,

"Archflamen of all mysteries !"

Night settled round with a sullen shade,

And silence falls on the forest glade.

Far thro' the leafy arches dim

A wild, mysterious, mournful hymn,

On rising, sinking, swelling breeze,

Flung weird and ghost-like harmonies ;

And still the darkness deepened fast,

And strange, unearthly voices passed,

And still the shuddering echo run,

"Oh, Ahriman ! Oh, Ahriman !"

The mellow light of an afternoon,

Crowning a golden day in June.

Vale and river and meadow-lea

Swam in a sun-flushed purple sea.

The peak's tall masses, lifted high
In softened outline against the sky,
Thro' melting mist-robcs looked alow
On a landscape rosy with summer glow.
Over the hill's green mantle spread
A white road wound like a silver thread,
Dotted and shadowed here and there
With clustered chestnuts and poplars spare.
Under the edge of a skirting wood,
Half-seen, a low red school-house stood.
Calm and still was the shady nook,
The white blooms fell in the pasture brook
And studded the rich green turf below
With fragrant handfuls of sprinkled snow.
Up the hillside, toward the glade,
The twain their daily journey made,
With weary step and downcast mien,
And heedless all of the smiling scene,
They neared the nestling cottage fair,
And, halting, stopped to listen there ;

For, from within the humble walls,
A murmur low at intervals

In alternating, measured frame,
Thro' the half-open casement came.

The slow chant trembled to its close,
And gentle, earnest tones arose,

So soft, so sweet, so strangely clear,
Entranced, they could not choose but hear.

Nearer the vine-hung porch they drew,
The tangled branches peering through,

And in a room, time-browned and low,
Dim in the dusky Western glow,

A fair-haired maiden they espied,
With children clustering at her side.

Over her open book she bowed,
And read His sacred words aloud,

Whose echoes mid the Syrian trees,
Come sounding down the centuries.

Of all-subduing grace she read,
Of law by love interpreted,

Of Hope, with perfect Trust allied,
The joy of souls beatified.

She read the blest assurance given
Of endless bliss, of Home, of Heaven !

Hushed was her voice's gentle spell,
And, as a deeper stillness fell

The group a kneeling circle made,
And there, Madonna-like, she prayed.

She prayed the Son's own tenderness,
Warm with the Infinite caress,

To shed on each dear suppliant bent
The blessing of its sacrament,

That all might seek the unfading prize,
In every heart His altar rise,

That with His truth's benignant rays,
He would illumine all darkened ways,

Roll back the threatening clouds above,
And clothe the world with light and love,

Till to each soul with sin o'ercast
The kiss of peace should come at last !

Then all was still, save the evening breeze
Stirring amid the chestnut trees.

The listening friends bent breathless near,
And hushed their very hearts to hear ;

Then, from their hiding-place uprise,
And look into each other's eyes.

Slow, turning from the open door,
Their upward path they take once more.

They pass the wood, they cross the rill,
The school-house sinks behind the hill ;

The forest rears its frowning height,
They plunge into its sombre night.

That morn the rising sun had shone
On a tree-girt altar of mossy stone,

When the sunshine faded to sunset glow,
The tree-girt altar lay levelled low !

And hope is dawning in tear-wet eyes,
Pure prayers from trembling lips arise,

And each o'er-wearied heart is full
Of Rest and Peace ineffable !

The last dim rays of the twilight fade,
The night dews fall on the forest glade,
Thro' the quiet wood the rustling breeze
Around sang sweetest symphonies.

The moon rose up and her silver glow
Shown fair on the kneeling forms below ;

But a light more pure and radiant yet
In their hearts' deep heart is forever set,

Whose rays shall the gathering clouds illumine
And pierce the veil of the densest gloom,

Till it shines at last o'er Death's silent sea
The day-star of Eternity !



THE LILY AND THE LINDEN.

PART I.

Far away under skies of blue,
In a pleasant land beyond the sea,
Bathed in sunlight and washed with dew,
Budded and bloomed the fleur-de-lis.

Through mists of morning, one by one,
Grandly the perfect leaves unfold,
And the dusky glow of the sinking sun,
Flushed and deepened the hues of gold.

She saw him rise o'er the rolling Rhine,
She saw him set in the Western sea,
"Where is the empress, garden mine,
"Doth rule a realm like the fleur-de-lis ?

"The forest trembles before my breath
"From the island oak to the northern pine,
"And the blossoms pale with the hue of death,
"When my anger rustles the tropic vine.

“The lotus wakes from its slumbers lone
“To waft its homage unto me,
“And the spice-groves lay before my throne
“The tribute due to the fleur-de-lis!”

So hailed she vassals far and wide,
Till her glance swept over a hemisphere ;
But noted not in her queenly pride,
A slender sapling growing near.

Slow uprising o'er glade and glen,
Its branches bent in the breezes free,
But its roots were set in the hearts of men
Who gave their lives to the linden tree.

Speak, O Seer of the mighty mien!
Answer, Sage of the mystic air!
What is the lot of the linden green?
What is the fate of the lily fair?

“Hearst thou the wail of the winter wake?
“Hearst thou the roar of the angry sea?
“Ask not, for God's own thunders break
“On the linden fair and the fleur-de-lis!”

PART II.

The storm-clouds fade from the murky air,
Again the freshening breezes blow,
The sunbeams rest on the garden rare,
But the lily lies buried beneath the snow.

From the ice-locked Rhine to the Western sea,
Mournfully winds the wintry pall,
Cold and still is the fleur-de-lis,
But the linden threatens to shadow all!

Frowning down on the forest wide,
Darkly loometh his giant form,
Alone he stands in his kingly pride,
And mocks at whirlwind and laughs at storm.

Speak, O Sage of the mystic air!
Answer, Seer of the mighty mien!
Must all the trees of the forest fair
Fall at the feet of the linden green?

"Thus shall the seal of the future be,
"Thus I divine the fates of all!
"A worm is sapping the linden tree,
"The pride that goeth before a fall.

“For shame may come to the haughty crest,
“A storm may sweep from the Northern sea,
“Winds from the East and winds from the West,
“May blow in wrath on the linden tree.

“Here where the voice of the winter grieves,
“The lily hath lain its regal head,
“Bright was the hue of the golden leaves,
“*But the lily was flecked with spots of red.*

“Beyond the cloud of the battle strife,
“The glow of resurrection see!
“Lo! I proclaim a newer life,
“A purer birth of the fleur-de-lis!

Thus saith the Seer of the mighty mien,
Thus saith the Sage of the mystic air,
And the sunshine fell from the linden green —
And gilded the grave of the lily fair.



LORRAINE.

PART I.

Sweetly the June time twilights wane,
Over the hills of fair Lorraine.

Sweetly the mellow moonbeams fall,
O'er rose-wreathed cottage and ivied wall.

But never dawned a brighter eve
Then the holy night of St. Genevieve,

And never moonlight fairer fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle.

Richly the silver splendor shines,
Spangles with sheen the clustered vines.

And rests in benediction fair,
On midnight tresses and golden hair.

Golden hair and midnight tress
Mingle in tender lovingness,

While the evening breezes breathe upon
Marie and Jean, and their hearts are one!

The spell of silence lifts at last,
"Marie, the Saint's sweet day is past,

"The vesper chimes have died away,
Where shall we be on New Year's day?"

With answering throb heart thrilled to heart,
Hand met hand with sudden start,

For in each soul shone the blessed thought,
The vision fair of a little cot

Nestled beneath the lilac spray,
Waiting the blissful bridal day.

Low bowed in tearful silence there,
Their hearts rose up in solemn prayer.

And still the mellow lustre fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle.

And still the moonlight shone upon
Marie and Juan, and their hearts were one!

PART II.

Six red moons have rolled away,
And the sun is shining on New Year's day.

Over the hills of fair Lorraine,
Heaps of ashes, and rows of slain ;

Where merrily rang the light guitar,
The angry tramp of the red hussar

Flings on the midnight's shrinking breath
The direful notes of the Dance of Death !

Underneath the clustering vines,
The sentry's glittering sabre shines ;

Over the banks of the blue Moselle,
Rain of rocket, and storm of shell !

Where, to-day, is the forehead fair,
Crowned with masses of midnight hair ?

A summer's twilight saw him fall
Dead on Verdun's leaguered wall,

Where, alas ! is the little cot ?
Ask the blackened walls of Gravelotte.

Under the lilac, broods alone,
A maid whose heart is turned to stone,

Who sits, with folded fingers, dumb,
And meekly prays that her time may come.

Yet see! the Death-god's baleful star,
And War's black eagle screams afar!

And lo! the New Year's shadows wane,
Over the hills of sad Lorraine.



NIGHT AND MORNING.

Low sinks the sun ; a crimson glow of light
 Illumes the pathway of departing day,
And gilds the sable coronet of night
 Till deepening shadows overcast the way.
Now rosy twilight turns to ashen gray ;
 Gone are the glories of the gleaming west,
The skies of pearl, the amber-tinted ray ;
 And the soft chiming of the Hymn of Rest
 In low and melancholy cadence dies away.

The purple dawn the slumbering earth hath kissed
 And bathed the pallid East in hues of gold,
The sapphire blending with the amethyst,
 The rubies' glow with tints of emerald.
In regal pomp the crystal gates unfold,
 And morning soars on youthful pinions free,
To fill the world with life and light untold,
 Till the glad earth and ever-sounding sea,
 Enthroned in kingly majesty the perfect day
 behold.

FLOWER TONES.

I strike my lute ; it answers low,
And tender, milk-white roses blow ;
Celestial music thrills the string
Where lilies fair are clustering,
And soars its way to upper air
Through wreaths and rings of maiden's hair.
Again the liquid sweetness swells !
In perfume ope the heather bells ;
It sinks again, its smothered trills
Are lost in beds of daffodils,
And naught remains of magic tone,
Save the faint scent of orchis blown ;
Nor echo of a note divine
But breathes the breath of eglantine.

I strike my lute ; it answers low,
And wreaths are wet with tears of woe ;
Entwined amid the sobbing strings
The melancholy ivy clings.
Lo, tones of plaintive sorrow sigh,
And in the pine-tree's shadow die.

Again, the wail of wild despair !
The breath of nightshade fills the air ;
A dirgeful strain is pulsing slow,
Dark ferns and weedy brambles grow ;
A dying breeze has swept the strings,
The willows wave, the cypress swings ;
The sun is set, the day has fled,
The lute is hushed, the flowers are dead.



L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY A FAVORITE PICTURE.

When o'er our graves the crescent moon shall keep,
Its solemn vigil through our dreamless sleep,
Bright may its rays mid verdant branches beam,
And shine neglected in as sweet a stream ;
When sinks the moon in purple mists away,
And breaks the morning of the perfect day,
Then may our souls be infinitely blest,
Our blissful spirits enter into rest.

THE VELOCIPEDÉ.

The tree of knowledge thrives apace
And yields to each successive age
Rich store of ever-ripening fruit,
To add unto its heritage.
Yet sadly spake the Jewish king,
Of "nothing new beneath the sun ;"
How pales before our broader light
The boasted lore of Solomon !
How would he spurn his narrow creed
To see the new velocipede !

Reclining in my study chair,
And lost to sight and sounds terrene,
I ponder with intensest thought,
The case of Podgers vs. Green,
When, from the realms of upper air,
Reverberates a deafening din,—
"Is it a meteoric bolt ?
Or has the chimney tumbled in ?"
"Be calm, sir; no such trifles heed ;
'Tis Tom, with his velocipede."

I have a lingering love, I own,
For an old doctrine held by some,
That woman's truest sphere is found
Within the hallowed walls of home ;
But when the babe alarmed the house
By rolling headlong down the stair,
"Where's Mrs. Jones?" I cried to Ann,
With hands upraised in blank despair ;
"She's at the Rink," replied the maid,
"A riding the velocypade !"

One grief was spared the Man of Uz,
Though sore affliction racked his frame ;
He slumbered with his fathers, ere
The last new visitation came.
With plaintive moan, "Oh, Lord, how long !"
Our wearied spirits faintly cry,
"Cursed be the father of our woes,
The author of our misery !
May retribution be his meed,
As swift as — his velocipede !"

TWO MORNINGS.

A faded eve-star westering down,
The murky tints of a dawning gray,
The first faint gleams of a summer's day
The sullen lights of a bastioned town.

A noonday splendor the valley fills,
The broad stream murmurs with cheerful tone,
And hark! a distant trumpet blown
Beyond the circle of wooded hills.

The sunset glows in the golden west,
A rose-ray reddens the hoary walls,
Around a brooding murmur falls
Of coming quiet, and peace, and rest.

A pallid eve-star hastening down,
A dun smoke shrouded the eastern gray,
A broad stream lashed into bloody spray,
The lurid flames of a captured town!

ANSWERED.

We sat beneath the silent stars,
And watched the sunset's embers die,
The north shot forth its glowing bars,
And crimson radiance spanned the sky.

Fair rose the moon: the darkened world
Seemed dipt in one vast silver sea;
Above, the fleecy eddies curled,
The air-tides floated silently.

Upon our blissful senses sank
The spell of Peace, of Love, of Calm!
Earth-lost, our raptured spirits drank
In hallowed Nature's holiest psalm!

Dear heart! Like saintly incense rise
Her soul's pure breathings home to thee!
"Thou who dost make our Paradise,
"Where may thy heavenly dwelling be?"

And o'er her face a glory passed;
Faintly I whispered in her ear,
(My long-kept secret free at last)
"If God is Love, then Heaven is here!"

AUTUMN.

The forest said, "behold the hour hath come,
Low, plaintive murmurs tremble thro' my trees,
Rude winter piped his clarion call afar,
The echoes ride upon each rustling breeze ;
But shall we bow before the tyrant's might
Ere o'er again the answering echoes ring,
In woodland pride, undaunted to the last,
The stern defence is, of the forest king."

With loud applause the leafy banners wake,
A thrill of life shot through the branches old ;
Gone are the garlands of the living green,
The forest flames in scarlet and in gold.
The warm light glowing in the crimson west,
Lay soft upon a lustrous, changeful sea,
Of melting dyes, and tints of liquid pearl,
And purple sheen and gleaming blazonry.

The forest glowed with grandeur, but at last,
Down sank the sun behind the western cloud,

Chill evening shadows darkened on the hills
And cast their mantles o'er the vesture proud ;
The sighing trees beheld the fatal sign,
Then bent their heads the coming doom to meet,
And as in silence came the icy breath,
They mournful rustled to the conqueror's feet.



SLUMBER SONG.

Slumber, soft visions
To thy guileless bosom fly,
Sweet and low, hovering near,
Angels breathe their lullaby.

Dreams of Peace, dreams of Love,
Seal the spirit's raptured eyes,
Zephyrs light, attuned above,
Waft the soul to Paradise.

Farewell grief, farewell tears,
Farewell sorrow's bitter sigh,
Earth recedes, Heaven appears,
Seraphs sing their lullaby.

TWIN SISTERS.

Music, transcendent as a seraph's kiss,
Floats from above the Gate of Amethyst,
And flutters softly to this world of bliss.

Plaintive and solemn as the autumn rain,
Sighs through the starless space a sad refrain,
And settles darkly on this world of pain!

Ere yet upon the wakened spirit dies
The mingled echo from the distant skies,
Behold the language of their harmonies.

"Twin sisters we; whate'er thine earthly state,
Sorrow and Joy upon thy wand'rings wait,
With sheen or shadow to the pearly gate.

"Through all the weary years thou would'st have
 prest

The brighter sister to thy longing breast,
And swathed in golden music, sunk to rest,

"But ever, struggling through the fairy veil,
The darker sister, weird and passion-pale,
Sobbed through the night her melancholy wail,

"Nor could'st thou tell if yet the mingled strain
That echoed strangely through thy heart again
Were sighs of joy or shudderings of pain.

"Fly not the pensive Spirit, nor implore
The blissful sister for her sunshine more ;
We both must guide thee to the further shore.

"Receive us both ; no more mid shadow's rove,
See through the storm thy radiant home above !
We do but lead thee to our mother, Love !"



AT THE LAST.

When I die,
Lift not for me the mourner's sigh,
Nor bid the bitter rain to fall;
Let not the dark funereal pall
O'ershadow, as I pass away,
The breath and bloom of perfect day!
And let no sorrowing anthem rise,
To dim with tears my spirit eyes,
Nor e'er with plaintive, saddening strain
Recall Earth's scarce remembered pain;
Free and unmingled o'er my soul
Let Heaven's melodious music roll—
No parting wail, no bitter cry,
When I die!

When I die,
Lift up your yearning spirits high,
To where, by angel hands caressed,
By silver falling voices blessed,
While back rolls Earth's tempestuous sea,

The life Elysian dawns for me!
Low-breathing zephyrs, calm and cool,
Borne through the gate called Beautiful,
Shall waft unto your fevered eyes
The healing dews of Paradise!
Peace, troubled hearts; the mortal, free,
Hath put on immortality!
Mourn not the end of sorrows nigh,
When I die.



THE TRUANTS.

“Let’s hookey Jack, this afternoon,
And have a game of ball,
Of one-old-cat or two-old-cat,
Or any cat at all!”

And Charlie White and Harry Blake,
And Tom, and Willie Pool,
Made off across the Deacon’s field,
Well out of sight of school.

But as they climbed the Deacon’s fence,
Poor Tom must push awry
A hornet’s nest—and then what came,
You know as well as I.

Alas! it finished Tommy’s sport
Before ’t was well begun ;
And back in school his tear-stained face
Appeared at half-past one.

“No two-old-cat to-day,” said Will,
And through the corn they go ;
But why should luckless Hal forget
The ditch that lay below ?

With shoulder lamed and jacket torn,
And forehead black and blue,
His heart aquake, poor Harry Blake,
Limped into school at two.

“No one-old-cat to-day,” said Will,
“No use for two to try ;
Give me the bat and do your best
At catching on the fly.”

Perhaps 't was only Charlie's fault
That let the ball slip through ;
But at the school a swollen nose
Arrived at half-past two.

Alas ! our poor unfortunates —
Reduced from four to one ;
“No matter, then,” said sturdy Will ;
“I 'll toss and catch alone.”

His lonely game was brief indeed,
The ball lodged in a tree,
And meek, repentant, master Will
Slunk into school at three !

Behold the sum of all their sport,
Their honey turned to gall ;
No one-old-cat, no two-old-cat,
Nor any cat at all.



E A S T E R .

The storm has passed, the lowering cloud is spent ;
No more with gathering tears our eyes are dim,
The lips that wailed the monotones of Lent
Pour forth the glories of the Easter Hymn.
Yet faintly chime the dying notes afar,
And Miserere blends with Gloria !

Although no more entombed the Conqueror lies,
Must then the Passion's agony forgotten be ?
'Mid your grand choral, will there not arise
The plaintive minor of Gethsemane ?
Though brightly shines the Resurrection morn
Can ye forget the cross, the crown of thorn ?

The temple ringeth to the ransomed host,—
The lamb lies bleeding on the altar-stone ;
'Mid pealing chant and solemn psalm is lost,
The parting sigh, the victim's dying moan.
Yet unto him on high more sweetly rise
The piteous wailings of the sacrifice.

Chant then your peans to the risen Lord!

Loud peal the Jubilate and the deep Amen;
Ye raptured choirs, break forth in grand accord
Till Heaven re-echo to the sound again!

But ne'er forget the fearful path He trod,
To win unto your souls the peace of God.



UNDER THE PALMS.

Proud is his heart, and strong his limb,
As his own desert's tiger brood,
And all my soul is lost in him!
What recked he then, my fierce Mahmoud,
Of turbaned Shiek or belted Khan,
When 'neath the date-palm spreading wide,
With beating heart I saw him ride,
Along the road to Toorkistan?

Ah me!

Beside his saddle-girth to be!

Beneath the noonday's breathless heat,
The whitening sand-leagues flame and glow;
At eve the oasis odors sweet,
Across the darkening deserts blow.
But ne'er my hungry eyes may scan,
By garish day or evening tide,
The war-troops of my hero ride,
Along the road from Toorkistan.

Ah me!

The night-birds haunt the rustling tree!

Up to my scarlet-woven tent
The way-worn warriors journey slow ;
Why is yon silent rider bent
Upon his horse's saddle bow ?
Each eye is dim, each cheek is wan,
Why pale before your chieftain's bride ?
The 'broidered burnos falls aside —
 'T is he !
They bend their spear-points low to me !



HINTS ON GRAPE CULTURE.

Bury your dog in the garden —

It will make your grape-vine grow ;
Tenderly waft on the summer air,
A requiem soft and low ;
And let your saddest dirge be sung,
For a grief that passeth show !

A dirge, a requiem said I, —

Sing me a song of the vine !
Of the ripe Catawba's deep'ning bloom,
And the purple Muscadine !
In their mellow light thou liv'st again,
O terrier of mine !

And when I scent the perfumed leaves,
In the dusky sunset glow,
Methinks they yield their voiceless praise,
To the sacrifice below !

Bury your dog in the garden —

It will make your grape-vine grow !

And what is earthly rat-and-tan,
Tho' aye my cherished prize,
To the drink that moistens Beauty's lips,
And brightens Beauty's eyes?
What better boon, would'st thou, O Jip —
What sweeter Paradise?



MIDNIGHT ON BERKSHIRE.

Midnight on Berkshire ! Grimly, gaunt, and chill,
Loom up the solemn sentinels of snow,
Lofty, and rock-crowned, calm and changeless still
As in the ages of the long-ago.
Guarding their night-camp, from the horizon's bars
To where their chief, old Greylock, meets the stars !

About his feet, a stainless robe of white,
Winds like the death-pall of some Titan proud,
Beneath, resplendent in the stars of night,
Gleams the bright lake, a jewel in a shroud.
Above, where winds their requiems intone,
Silent and pale, our mother stands alone !

But hark ! Down floating on aerial wing,
Faint music sighs from yonder ivied tower,
Do fairy elves their Christmas carol sing ?
Is it the tolling of the midnight hour ?
Nay, nay ! no joy those mournful breathings bear !
It is the voice of pain — our mother's prayer !

“Why have ye left me? Hath the love of years
In later days to utter coldness grown?

Is there no melting in a mother's tears,

That ye must leave me at the shrine alone,
Ere up to heaven its altar-smoke hath curled,
This holy hour, the birth-night of the world?

“Forget not me! Though sundered far apart,
Burns clear and bright the sempiternal flame!

Take ye the choicest treasure of my heart—

In sun, in cloud, forever more the same!

Yea! till the storms of life are overpast!

A mother's blessing—faithful to the last!”

* * * * *

Morning on Berkshire! And her rosy smiles,

Are flushing warm the giant hills of snow;

From Afric's palms to India's coral isles,

Full many a heart is bathed in richer glow.

The love-winged prayer hath reached its destined
goal,

Safe in the deep Shekinah of the soul!

THE BACHELOR'S PRAYER.

Lux Amoris cæcatura

Scio te !

Scintillula dictatura

Coget me.

Ex tenebris cœlibatis,

Ex arumnis inoptatis,

Intercedens inamatis

Salve me !

Mihi da in bonitate

Illico,

Ut credem im vetustate

Domino,

Uxorculam fascinantem,

Me amantem delectantem,

Modo ut alaudæ cantem

Sic oro.

Tunc si mihi læto erit
Femina,
(Et forsán infantem feret
Julia,)
Semper gratus exultabo,
Plenus gaudii cantabo,
Donec morior clamabo,
“Gloria !”



APOTHEOSIS.

Silent she lay, The night grew old,
And moaned and wept in drip and fall of rain,
The dead leaves whistled from the willow wold,
In eddying gusts against the darkened pane.
From the white lips a sigh, a crooning strain —
I bent to hear,
“Withered leaves and loves together,
“Fall in windy, wintry weather,
“Dark and drear !”
And the pall of death and silence gloomed upon
my atmosphere ?

Prostrate I lay, and Grief’s mad tide,
In flooding surges, whelmed and drowned my soul
Night falls again—but hark ! what sweet tones glide,
From star-set spaces to this darkened goal ?
A line of light above the billow’s roll !
I sprang to hear !
“Withered leaves and loves together,
“Bloom beside the Summer River,
“Sweet and clear ;”
And the glow of Life’s new morn illumines my
spirit’s atmosphere !

THE RITUALIST.

'T was after Antiphonal song at three,
And he said: "O Rector, list to me!
Weary and tempted and sick at heart,
I come from the busy world apart,
Like a tired child to its father's home,
Laden with grief and sin I come.
The blackened Past before me stands,
And pale Remorse, with her helpless hands,
Ever and ever broodeth near.
Hast thou no comfort, no word of cheer,
To heal the hurt of a stricken breast,
And soothe its storms into peaceful rest?
Pity, oh! pity, I pray of thee!
The waters of Death go over me!"

And the Rector answered, with a frown
(For the stranger had rumpled his snowy gown):
Your case is a very singular one.
Twelve candles burn on the altar stone;
And twelve wax candles, twelve feet high,
Might lift a soul into ecstasy!
I can't account for your present mood,

Have you noticed the sweep of my scarlet hood?
Or fixed the gaze of your famished soul
On the lovely shade of my broidered stole?
Perchance by grovelling cares debased,
You lack the true æsthetic taste.
Hère is a balm for your bleeding heart,
A tract on Mediæval Art;
'T will heal your soul's rebellious schism,
You need no creed but symbolism.
Cast to the winds your morbid woe!
Receive my absolution. Go!"

And a chilled and hardened heart went down,
To lose itself in the giddy town,
To drink again at its poisoned springs,
To crush the birth of better things.
Yet, with the wreck so sadly wrought,
Perchance there rankled a bitter thought,
Of one whose saintly office gave
No grace to succor or to save;
Whose life no richer fruit might know
Than the dry husk of outward show,
No higher aim, no holier call,
Than the looking-glass on the vestry wall!

STEWART'S QUARTERLY.

IN MEMORIAM.

We meet with mirth and song, but lo!
We hear amid the lightsome strain,
The mingled dropping of the rain,
And clouds obscure the after-glow.

Yet though the dawn is faint afar,
The Northern constellation dim,
We bring our meed of praise to him
Whose hand upheld its brightest star!

All hail the patient purpose true!
For we the golden maxim own,
That not to crowned success alone,
Is high appreciation due.

The Faith that battles for its prize,
Thro' changing scenes of storm and calm,
Hath it not won the victor palm
Though trampled in the dust it lies?

But Joy blends with our minor strain,
We watch with new enkindled hope,
Upon the Future's horoscope,
The fallen star arise again !

And once again one friend appears,
Within the Muses' magic ring ;
The wine of the Pierian spring,
Once drunk, will tinge the blood for years.

So, with prophetic ken to-night,
We cease our unavailing moan,
Blot out "Hic Jacet" from the stone,
And in its place "Resurgam" write.

May all good gifts the gods dispose,
Reward our honored guests emprise,—
His pharmaceutic pharmacies
Spring up and blossom as the rose.

Perchance some sprite of Cupid's train,
Such mystic knowledge may impart,
Beyond his subtlest chemic art,
That brighter treasure he shall gain.

For him our aspirations rise,
That fate may yield its richest store,
All gain pressed down and running o'er,
All loss, but blessings in disguise.

And that he 'ever more may feel,
Amid the round of daily cares,
Thro' pharmacopolistic airs,
The grateful breath of laurel steal.



U N C H A N G E A B L E .

Said'st thou, the world is wide and I may roam?
Nay love! 'Tis centered in thy breast,
A dark and hollow void is all the rest,
I know no world beside thy heart, my home!

Said'st thou, the over-arching skies are blue?
Yea love! but far more blissful skies
Beam on my spirit from thy tender eyes,
While clear and bright the sun thy soul shines
through.

Said'st thou, the fields are green, and I as well!
By Jove, I ne'er could thee abide!
I ever thought thee cross and evil-eyed!
I ne'er did love thee, 't was a hoax, a sell!

M. D. TO EM-MA.

On leaden wings the dusky night is borne,
And all the sombre scene is sad and drear,
My mourning soul with cardiac grief is torn,
And lo ! mine inner canthus hides a tear !

A thousand weary leagues between us lie ;
They hide from me thy youthful image fair,
Nor keenest optic nerve can thee descry,
Nor retina thy lovely impress bear.

With sympathetic action deep and strong,
My heavy eyes abhor the light of day,
I hear the husky *râle sous-crepissant*,
And hark ! the hissing *bruit de soufflet* !

The pangs of hepatitis rack me sore,
And cephalalgia beats my frontal bone,
As though the great aërta madly bore,
Its throbbing current to that part alone.

Hydrargyri Submurias in vain,

Combats the hypersthenia of my blood :
Nor can I find a blest relief from pain,
In Zinci Sulph., or Potass. Hydriod.

Saccharum Lac, no benefit imparts ;

No Hahnemannian phantasies for me !
“A douche !” said’st thou ? A thrill of horror starts,
And creeps along my dorsal vertebræ.

All therapeutic arts the virtue lack,

To heal this cumulative weight of woe ;
Haste, tensor tarsi ; and compress the sac,
And bid the lachrymal secretions flow !

Alas ! my life, ’tis thou, and thou alone,

Cans’t heal the myriad woes I now deplore ;
Cans’t give my febrile pulse its normal tone,
And all my lost tonicity restore.

I breathe once more unchanging love for thee !

Thy sacred pledge with fond affection keep,
Till I at last my former patrons see,
And sleep with them the everlasting sleep.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

To-day the joy bells of the world
Chime forth in sweet accord ;
O'er the round earth, the hearts of men
Draw nearer to their Lord.

Where roll the Australasian seas,
And tropic fountains flow,
To where the starlight sparkles back
A thousand leagues of snow.

To-day all mingling pathways lead
Up History's incline,
To where the shepherds kept their sheep,
That night in Palestine.
The angel's song o'er land and sea,
Is ringing sweeter far ;
Though constellations rise and set,
Still shines the Eastern Star.

O, tender Faith ! O, constant Friend !
O, Christ Child, hear our prayer !
Breathe thou upon our hearts, and leave
Thy benediction there.
Shine thou our star when wild and drear,
The night's dark waters roll ;
Till on our dazzled vision breaks
The sun-rise of the soul.



"DELICIOUS."

When breakfast is over and ended,
And Bridget has vanished below,
And Thomas has brought me my paper,
(The respectable Daily, you know.)

I skip from the Union Pacifics,
As I sit in my morning robe,
To what of all else interests me,
The doings last night at the Globe.

And I read with the deepest attention,
How the comedy sparkled and shone,
How this thing or that was "delicious" —
And I lay down the paper and groan.

For I recognize Monsieur Tonson,
(If I may by similie speak,) —
Who visits me Monday and Tuesday,
And every day in the week.

And I think of poor Barnaby's raven,
Or the same dismal creature of Poe,
Who croaked his one word without ceasing,
Nor let one opportunity go.

For "delicious," "delicious," "delicious,"
Et toujours, "delicious," in short,
Is the strain that they sing in the 'Tiser,
In the musical critic's report.

The wit of Le Moyne is "delicious,"
And "delicious" the humor of Floyd;
How sad that the troubles with Fechter,
The "delicious" ensemble alloyed!

"Delicious" Chanfrau is "delicious"
(I forgive him! Our treasure is trove!
I "see" his delicious, by gracious!
And go him one better, by Jove!)

How can I enjoy the "Financials,"
Or the notes from the General Court,
When I'm sure to be floored by "delicious,"
In the musical critic's report?

“The adjective,” quoth the French proverb,
“Is the deadliest foe of the noun,”
Methinks it behooveth old Nomen,
To look to his kingdom and crown.



L'INFERNO.

Fierce and hot are the fires of Hell !
The streams of molten lava flowing,
The heated furnace madly glowing,
And a thousand writhing tongues of flame,
That dart from the pit with a demon's aim,
And burn their way to the tortured soul.
Bright are the blazing stones beneath,
Heavy and dark the clouds that roll,
Where millions are dying the living death !

Dead ashes fall,
The vault is hung with a smoky pall,
And the glare of the Fiend is over all !

Alas ! the horrible dark despair
Of the wretched who suffer forever there !
Unheard are their piteous prayers and crying ;
For the grisly Shape on the torture-seat,
Doth greedily drink in the music sweet,
Of their sorrowful moans and stifled sighing —

How dear to his heart are the groans of the dying !

That quivering cry !

And now doth the gleeful goblin gloat,
For their souls in the fiery furnace float !

O, the wailing chorus high !

O, the smoke of their agony !

Ever the ceaseless ages roll,
And bring new pain to the frenzied soul !
Still do they howl from the blackened pit,

Who in the dull red embers sit.

Ever the Fiend their life-blood drains,
Still do they drag their rusted chains,
Until the festering flesh doth rot—
Still crowd the lost their thirst to slake,
By the lurid glare of the seething lake,,
Which burneth with brimstone forever and aye !

Ever the shrieks of anguish swell :

O, the pangs of the damned in Hell !

O, the thought of Eternity !

LOVE AND INSURANCE.

A TALE OF CHICAGO.

Down sink the flames ; the roar is hushed,
The embers' fitful flashes
Illume a queenly city dead,
All wreathed and robed in ashes !
Yet blithe and gay I sing to-day
My grateful heart's hosanna,
Undimmed amid the darkness shines
The love of Juliana !

Ere yet the fire-flakes ceased to fall
With eager feet I sought her,
And sped through clouds of blinding smoke,
Unto the Western quarter.
Oh, port of peace ! oh, sweet release,
From toil and mad endeavor !
The spot where heart had leapt to heart
To thrill and throb forever !

“Come to my arms ! Tho’ fled away
Are block and store and villa,
I still”—“Indeed ! don’t soil, I pray,
My new gros-grain mantilla !
If Major Mann, of Michigan
Should call, admit him, Phronie,
I beg *you* won’t prolong your stay,
Through needless ceremony.”

“Alas ! oh happy dream !” I cried,
“Is this thy rude awaking ?
What boots it now that wealth is spared,
When hearts like mine are breaking !
Why with the —— was I insured ?
Why did not Fortune’s flashes,
Sink down beneath ——’st fall,
To lie with Love in ashes !”

The cold face changed ; the haughty eyes,
Their wonted gleam recover,
Forth from her breast she drew a list,
And closely scanned it over.
“My own !” she cried, “ whate’er betide,
Our hearts can ne’er dissever,

For Woman's love unfading burns,
Forever and forever !”

Oh, tender faith ! oh, constant soul !
That priceless pearl possessing,
The shades of Life are limned with light,
Each sorrow crowned with blessing.
So blithe and gay I sing to-day,
My grateful heart's hosanna,
A star amid the darkness shines —
The love of Juliana !



SIR LAWRENCE.

Sir Lawrence seized his sword,
Where it hung in its place on the wall,
But his trembling hands vain essay make,
At once the knotted vines to break,
The budding vines that Edith loved,
And trained on the sides of the Hall.

Sir Lawrence dropped his sword,
And paled each knightly scar!
"I shame me of my hasty thought!
"Sure Heaven doth spare the ruin wrought,
"When gentle maidens tended vines,
"Can chain the shafts of war!"

A CHAPTER OF ERIE (Canal.)

Cans't hear unmoved a stirring tale
Of true love well requited,
Yet see at last two golden lives
In blackest clouds benighted,
Nor weep much ?

Then hie with me to yonder bank,
We'll hear the piteous story,
And watch the mules and boats go by,
Into the Western glory,
Toward Lockport.

James and Melinda — simple names,
I throw no spell around them ?
His father tended Sewell's lock,
Alas ! no more he'll pound them
For skylarking.

But James was of a noble soul:

He saw, as years passed o'er him,
A blessed vision—to be wed—

By Rev. Mr. Jorim,

And keep house.

For years before, one waggish Jones,

Had “stuffed” our simple tyro:

“The tolls on all canals are yours

“From Halifax to Cairo!”

Great case, Jones!

“You are the Prince of Erie! List—

“Such sums! I cannot name them!

“In all your princely dignity,

“Step boldly up and claim them”

“’magine the old man!”

From thence, thro’ all the changing years

This mystic legend thrall’d him,

And rank, and fame, and endless wealth,

In nightly visions called him!

Mince pie, p'r'aps.

At length arrived at man's estate,
He boldly strode to Sewell's ;
"Give me my bins and bars of gold,
"My bags and bales of jewels !"
Oh that Jones !

His father answered ne'er a word,
But from his feet he "yanked" him,
And in the good old-fashioned way
He soundly, loudly spanked him.
O days of youth !

"You tarnal fool !" he spoke at last,
When he his breath could gather,
"You who haint got a cent on earth,
"To try to bluff your father ?"
He was mad.

"I 'll plan *your* summer trip, my lad,
"You 'll trudge to old Miss Dinah's,
"And tend her drove of squealing pigs,
"Perhaps they 'll root your shiners."
Sarcastic.

This to the Prince. He turned away.

That night two halting shadows
Crept up into the water-mist,
Beyond the Thorburn meadows.

'Tis soon told.

They stood upon the bank ; one leap ;
The wealth the world denied them,
Have they not found it, close embraced,
Where lilies sway beside them ?

I guess not.

For woe, alas, some passing boat
With careless noose must find him,
And he was towed to Albany,
While she remained behind him.

Poor Melinda.

Now, in the Capitol, 'tis said,
When tolls are raised on Erie,
The members see a spirit face,
A visage wild and skeery.

Ghosts love money.



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